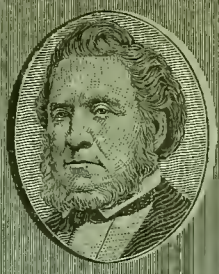

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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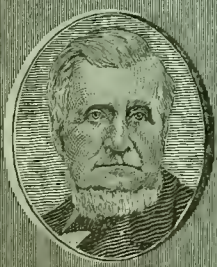
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly

Designed Expressly for the Education & Elevation of the Young

VOL. XXIV. NOVEMBER 1, 1889. NO. 21.



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

VOL. XXIV. NOVEMBER 1, 1889. No. 21.

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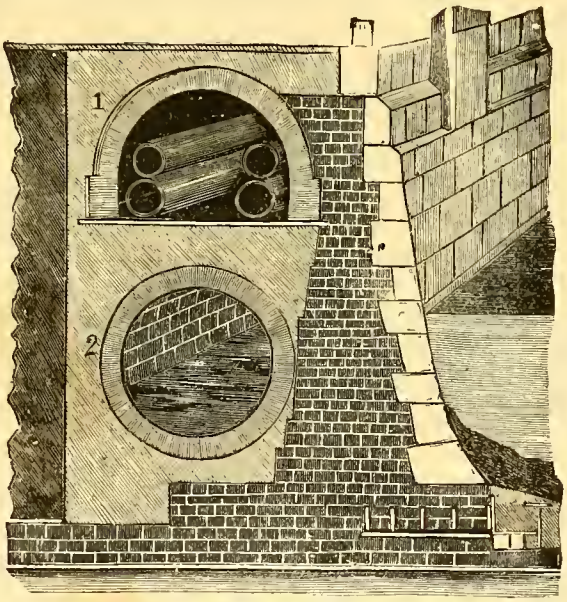
THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

A Semi-Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Education and Elevation of the Young.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 21. SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889. TERMS: $2.00 per year in advance.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

IN THE picture before us the artist has shown a cross-section of the justly celebrated Thames embankment, which as an engineering feat takes rank with the Suez Canal, the Brooklyn Bridge and the St. Gothard Tunnel as among the boldest accomplishments of mechanical genius. The difficulties, the expense, and the amount of material employed would hardly be comprehended by youthful readers from any description we could give, but the artist's sketch will help to render easy of understanding such general items concerning the gigantic work as may be considered of interest.



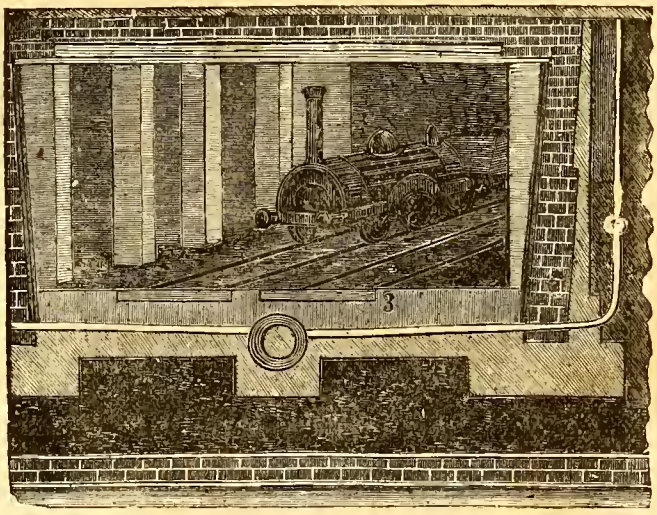
CROSS-SECTION OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

As long ago as 1666, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, and on the whole one of the most eminent of British architects, conceived and advocated the idea of a regular system of embankments along the shores of the busy Thames, through that part of London above London Bridge and hence beyond the needs of the thousands of vessels constantly coming to and going from the port. From his time until the middle of the present century, although many plans for carrying out the project were offered, none possessed such marks of feasibility as recommended them to the city. In 1862, however, an actual beginning was made upon plans prepared by Mr. Bazalgette, who had also planned the main drainage system of London. Within a few years some thirty millions of dollars were expended upon the work; but when completed its varied and difficult achievements combined to make it a study for engineers for all time.

The Albert embankment on the south side of the river stretches a mile in length from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall; the Victoria embankment on the north side of the stream extends from Westminster to Blackfriars Bridge; and the Chelsea embankment, also on the north side, reaches from Chelsea Bridge to Battersea. The first of these was opened in 1869, the second in 1870 and the third in 1874. It was the original intention to extend the second one named in one grand sweep from Westminster down to London Bridge; but on reaching Blackfriars the objections of property owners were so great that the work was stopped there, though a broad, new street leads from that point direct to the Bank of England in the heart of the city and

thence on to the lowest bridge spanning the river.

The illustration gives but a scant view of the face of the embankment, and none whatever of the walks and drives on the top. Of the former we may briefly say that it forms a graceful curve, ornamented above mean high-water mark with artistic stone moulding, stopped at intervals of about seventy feet with plain blocks of granite, supporting lamp standards of cast-iron, and relieved on the river face by bronze lions' heads carrying mooring rings. The uniform line of the embankment is broken at intervals by massive piers of granite, flanking recesses for pontoons or landing-stages for steamboats, and at other places by stairs projecting into the river, and intended as landing-piers for small craft.



THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

The drive-way on the top is sixty-four feet wide, and the foot-way on the land side is sixteen feet wide, and that on the river side is twenty feet wide. Rows of trees are planted on either side at a distance of a few feet apart, which afford a most pleasant shade. The original design of the embankment included the erection of pieces of sculpture on the various piers, but though this has not yet been fully carried out several notable monuments already lift their shafts skyward, most interesting among them being Cleopatra's Needle, an ancient column, covered with hieroglyphics, brought at great expense from the plains of Egypt. The level of the roadway is generally four feet higher than high water mark, though at some places, such as the approaches to the bridges at either extremity it rises to some twenty feet above the extreme high water level. The wall, that is the water front of the embankment is generally constructed of brickwork faced with granite and is carried down to a depth of thirty-two and a half feet below high water mark, the foundation being of portland cement concrete.

And now let us consider what vast difficulties have had to be surmounted. The words of an excellent authority put the matter very concisely as follows: "The river had to be dammed out for some thirty-eight acres—the mud had to be dredged out down to the London clay—the granite walls had to be built below low-water mark; behind these the low-level sewer had to be constructed. Over this, again, had to come the subway, and behind all the District Railway, which runs at an average of about eighteen feet below the surface." In this reference we see the explanation of our picture. The circular tunnel marked 2 is the lower sewer, used when the tide is out and carrying all the vast sewerage of four millions of population out to the sea. Above it marked 1 are the pipes for district sewerage, which finally empty into the one below. Further to the left, marked 3, we have a sectional view of the underground railway which traverses silently and rapidly all parts of the city. The immense cost of construction of this latter system and the prodigious amount of material employed justify the

statement that a fourth of the wealth of London is underground, and one-third of all the bricks in the metropolis are used below the surface.

We think our readers will agree with us that London owes its title to being the greatest city in the world not alone to the fact that it numbers the largest population.

OUR PRIZE HISTORICAL NARRATIVES.

In our Territorial Fair of this year we offered a prize of $50.00 for the best original historical narrative by any author. The two following articles were of such equal merit that the committee decided to divide the amount offered, and awarded $25.00 to the author of each piece.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers the productions submitted.

The Publishers.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

THE history of Arctic exploration is a record of human heroism and sacrifice. Pen cannot portray the perils and hardships endured by those whose achievements have given to us a knowledge of the frozen regions of the north. The objects for which their perilous enterprises were made have not been attained—the pole has not been reached and the short navigable route northward to Asia has been proved impracticable; but the examples of courage and self-sacrifice shown in the lives of those whose efforts were directed for their attainment have won for them a more glorious fame than could have been gained by their achievement.

To understand the experiences which are about to be described, some knowledge is required of the peculiar nature of the regions in which they occurred.

The great ocean surrounding the pole drains the northern slopes of three continents, receiving the waters of an estimated area of more than four and a quarter millions of square miles. Within this great basin the pole itself is as yet shut out from access by an investing zone of ice. Different theories exist as to the nature of the regions beyond. While some believe that a permanent belt of ice stretches to the extreme limit marked by the pole, others claim the existence of an open polar sea warmer in temperature than the regions yet reached, and abounding in life. Which of these theories is true remains to be proved. Effort after effort has been made to penetrate the barrier of ice which stretches away into the unknown regions of the north, but without avail. A certain point seems to mark the limit which men can reach.

There are but three ways of entrance to the inner Arctic basin: the estuaries of Hudson's and Baffin's bays; the space between Norway and Greenland, and Behrings strait between America and eastern Russia.

It is only during the summer months that an entrance can be made through them to the regions beyond. In the winter the ice freezes in immense fields, stretching across the sounds and straits from shore to shore. When summer approaches, these ice fields break up into floes through which the skillful navigator may with care make his way.

From the bleak ice-girt shores which line these seas great icebergs are discharged, rolling like rivers from the vast inland reservoir, and falling with thunderous noise into the ocean, there to be swept to and fro with the fierce motion of the winds, a constant peril to the unwary ship. In mid-ocean the ice pack forms—known to northern navigators as the "middle pack"—a vast field of ice which represents the accumulations of years held together by the additions of the winter before. Sometimes it opens into strips or lanes of water, in which the adventurous ship may push its way, but woe to the craft caught

in the fatal grinding of its "nip," or beset at the commencement of the Arctic winter! No ship can resist the enormous pressure, nor extricate itself from the vise-like tenacity of its hold.

Not alone to the sea are the perils and difficulties of Arctic travel confined. Over the inhospitable wastes of North America, rightly named by the natives "barren grounds," and the boundless morasses and arid wastes of the east, tracked by the feet of Siberian exiles, sledge journeys have been made to the extent of a thousand miles. The dangerous regions of the northern archipelago, with its labyrinth of islands threaded with innumerable straits and sounds the explorers have penetrated, mapping the positions of the lands, and defining the outline of the coasts, subject to the dangers pervading the dreary and unknown wastes and the menace of the ice silently forming in the narrow seas.

Perilous journeys indeed, and yet productive of no desire upon the part of those who braved them to avoid the ordeal, or of hesitation upon the part of others to follow in their path.

It is the mystery of the north that she exerts a power upon men which impels them to seek her frozen realms, and in spite of their knowledge of the inhospitable and pitiless demeanor to return voluntarily to her power. We shall see this proved in the record of the many who have braved the incredible hardships and perils of the north, in the long centuries since the first ship entered her mysterious domain.

The Norse sea kings were the first Arctic explorers. In A. D. 986, Herjulfson, sailing from Iceland to Greenland, was caught in a storm and driven westward to Newfoundland or Labrador. Returning to Iceland he had wonderful stories to tell of the land which had been sighted in the west. Fourteen years later Leif Ericson, the Icelandic sea captain, determining to know the truth of these stories, sailed westward, and reaching the continent of America spent some time in exploring the coast of Labrador. He then sailed northward and entered Baffin's Bay. Here immense shoals of seals and codfish were seen, and the Icelanders, realizing the benefit to be derived from the fisheries, soon had colonies established along the dreary shores which bordered the sea to the east. From Greenland voyages were made westward through several of the sounds and straits of the American archipelago.

Nothing resulted from these discoveries, for notwithstanding their importance, no record was ever given to the world. The colonies after existing for some time were destroyed, and the Icelanders seem to have forgotten their discoveries in the north-western seas. In view of the character of these men who first visited the frozen regions of the north, it is interesting to speculate upon the impressions created by the scene which they beheld. To those wild rovers of the deep, careless of the peril and restless in their search for adventure, the lonely wastes of sea and land, the fierce sweep of the icy blasts, the stupendous icebergs whirling across their path and the crash of the icefloes as they were swept onward with the motion of the wind must have presented a scene fully in accord with the wild spirits with which they were endowed. In the pleasure derived from these adventures and in whatever benefit resulted from their exploits in these northern seas were they alone rewarded, for notwithstanding that to them is due the honor of having first penetrated these desolate and unknown regions, in this case, as with their more important discovery of the continent of America no particle of glory has resulted as their reward. To another people were reserved the fame and honor resulting from their discovery.

Four centuries after the first voyage of the Norsemen to the western seas, John Cabot landed upon the gloomy shore of Labrador and explored its coast for several hundred miles. Upon his return to England, the knowledge of his discovery was announced to the world. The account given of his expedition gave a new impetus to the spirit of exploration. India the land of fabulous riches, of jewels

and gold, was the region to which men's eyes were now longingly turned, and an easy route to this El Dorado was a problem which occupied the attention of the chief maritime nations of the world. In the year following the discovery of America, the Pope Alexander V. drew an imaginary line north and south three hundred miles west of the Azores, and issued a papal bull giving all islands and countries west of that line to Spain. Taking advantage of this decree, that nation claimed not only the lands lying within the extent specified but also an exclusive right to the navigation of the seas which lay between them. The attempt by any other nation to enter these waters involved a war with both the Spanish and Portuguese nations, and the northern maritime nations looked anxiously for an easy passage to the Indies which might give them a commercial superiority.

The discoveries made by Cabot inspired them with a new hope. Beyond the North American continent lay a great expanse of sea. By sailing westward parallel with the northern shores of the continent, a ship could pass into the Pacific Ocean, and thus reach Cathay. So thought these early navigators, and filled with joy at the thought of this promise of easy termination to their difficulties, they at once set about planning an expedition for the venture. Ships were fitted out by the crown, crews were enlisted, and the great expedition was given into the hands of Sebastian Cabot. In the spring of 1498 the vessels set sail upon the new voyage of discovery. Sailing northward they succeeded in penetrating to about the middle of Baffin's Bay, when the ocean became packed with icebergs which effectually blocked the way. Being obliged to alter their course, they sailed southward, and after exploring the coasts of Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, returned to England. Thus ended the first attempt at the discovery of a northwest passage—a problem which was to agitate the world for centuries, and whose solution was to be attained only at the cost of incomparable human suffering and sacrifice. No further explorations were made for a quarter of a century, when the Cortereal brothers of England made three voyages, each of which resulted in disaster. Two years later an expedition was sent into the northern seas under Willoughby and Chancellor, to search for a north-east passage to Asia. The fleet was to reach India by doubling the northern promontory of Lapland. Five months from the time of starting, the ship of Willoughby was found in a harbor of Lapland, with Willoughby dead in his cabin and "his ship's company dead in various parts of the ship, alone or in groups." Chancellor reached the harbor of Archangel, an event to prove of great importance as it was the commencement of the maritime commerce between Great Britain and Russia. For a time no further explorations were made for the discovery of a north-west passage. At length after three-quarters of a century had passed, the spirit of exploration was re-awakened by the discoveries of Martin Frobisher. This renowned navigator, firmly convinced of the existence of a northern passage to Asia, in 1557 set sail upon a voyage for its discovery. Sailing to the west and north he attained a higher point than had yet been reached on the American coast.

After discovering the islands which lie in the mouth of Hudson's Strait, he sailed northward and came upon a large island to which he gave the name of Meta Incognita. After entering the strait which bears his name, he returned home taking with him a stone found upon the island, which the English refiners declared to contain gold.

The discovery created the greatest sensation. London was all excitement over the El Dorado of the north. An expedition was hastily fitted out and dispatched in search of the precious metal. The summer, however, proved unfavorable, the ships barely escaped being crushed by the icebergs and the expedition returned home without having accomplished its object.

The ardor of the gold seekers was not dampened by this, and a new expedition was

soon fitted out with the design of planting a colony in the gold regions of the north. In 1578 the fleet sailed from England and through a thousand perils succeeded at last in reaching Meta Incognita.

The season was severe; hardships and dangers beset them. The provision vessel shipped away leaving them without supplies, and the thought of planting a colony was abandoned. With several tons of the shining earth on board, the vessels sailed to England only to find after all that the metal which they had spent so much time in transporting was of no value.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THIS man, whose name stands foremost among the most illustrious ones of antiquity as the greatest military commander of the age, was born in July, 356 B. C., at Macedonia.

He was the son of Philip, king of Macedonia and Greece, and grandson of Augustus II. His mother was Olympias, a native of the northern Greek state of Epirus, and sister of the Alexander who was ruler of that state at the date of which we are writing.

Philip, according to Oriental custom, had married several wives in succession. The last was Kleopatra, niece of Attalus, a Macedonian, who was one of the foremost generals in Philip's army.

Kleopatra, who seems to have had considerable influence over her husband, becoming jealous of Olympias, persuaded Philip to divorce her. Olympias being of a furious and intractable temper, had long since become repugnant to Philip, therefore it did not take him long to find an excuse for the act. He brought against her a charge of infidelity, with how much justice we are unable to say, but it was sufficient to accomplish his purpose.

Angry and mortified, Olympias retired to her son Alexander at Epirus, cherishing in her heart a resolution to be avenged upon her husband and the wily Kleopatra at the first opportunity. Alexander accompanied his mother to Epirus, but her other child, a daughter named Kleopatra, remained at the court of Philip.

Having seen his mother safely to his uncle's kingdom, Alexander returned to the court of the Illyrian king, a subject ally of his father's.

He had strongly resented the wrong done to his mother, and a violent quarrel with his father had been the result. It was because of this quarrel that he had left his father's court and taken his present quarters.

Philip had a project in his mind by which, with the aid of the Grecian states, he expected to conquer Persia, at this date the most powerful empire in existence. Preparations for this campaign had been going forward for a long time. Already he had sent an army ahead under Parmenio and Attalus, expecting soon to follow himself.

He saw the necessity of reconciling in some manner Olympias and Alexander, lest in his absence trouble might arise at home that would recall him. He therefore summoned Alexander from Illyria, expecting by diplomacy to effect a reconciliation. A new cause for dispute soon arose. During his absence, Alexander had negotiated to marry the daughter of the Persian satrap of Karia. Philip considered this a misalliance, and he reproved his son for doing such a thing without his knowledge. The result was another quarrel and the banishment from court of Alexander's particular friends, and the filling of the vacancies thus occasioned by friends of Kleopatra's uncle, Attalus.

To conciliate Olympias and her friends, Philip gave her daughter Kleopatra in marriage to her brother Alexander.

This marriage was celebrated with great splendor. All the royal families of both houses were present. The birth of Philip's youngest son by Kleopatra was celebrated at the same time.

At the feast thus prepared there was present also one Pausanias, a member of the royal

body-guard. This man hated Philip because he had tolerated an insult of a revolting and brutal nature which had been inflicted upon him by Attalus. Attalus being in Asia, where he could not well reach him, Pausanias had resolved to be revenged upon Philip for the insult.

Conspirators who wished to destroy Philip found in him a ready instrument whereby to accomplish their design. Foremost among these conspirators were Olympias, her brother and their adherents, Alexander of Lynkestis and his two brothers and the Persian king, Darius Codomannus.

Among the festivities provided for the amusement of guests at the wedding, was the presentation of tragedies. Philip, elated at his past successes and full of brilliant aspirations for the future, with no thought of a treacherous enemy lurking near, entered the theater alone and unarmed.

Pausanias, standing near, sprang upon him, plunged his sword through his body and fled. Death was instantaneous.

During his rapid exit, Pausanias stumbled and fell. He was caught by the guards and instantly put to death.

Philip at his death was forty-six years old. During his comparatively short life he had conquered all the Grecian states except Lacedaemonia, also Thrace and the many islands surrounding Greece. He had accomplished this more by political tact and diplomacy than by force. Having spent his youth in the Grecian courts as a hostage, he was well versed in their customs and politics, which knowledge was of great use to him in after life.

He had organized and developed the greatest and best trained and equipped army then in existence ; and was, at his death, prepared to carry out his long-cherished project of subduing the Persian Empire, which he had little doubt of accomplishing.

In character, Philip was crafty and diplomatic. He was possessed of great activity, endurance and courage, which, added to his military genius, enabled him to accomplish the great works before alluded to. During his long residence in Greece he had become skilled in rhetoric and letters, and now encouraged the dissemination of knowledge and civilization among his half-barbaric subjects, the Macedonians.

Before the conquest of Greece, Macedonia had neither written language, philosophy nor literature of its own. The effect of the conquest was that the country became in a measure Hellenized, though never reaching the perfection of Greece in these branches of civilization.

At his father's death, Alexander was twenty years of age. His early years had been spent at Philip's court, where he was tutored by Lysimachus and Leonidas. Later, he was a pupil of Aristotle for three years. Homer's Iliad was among the first literary works in which he became interested. It is said he memorized much of it, and at one time recited portions of it before Demosthenes and Aeschines while they were on a visit to Philip.

The warlike characters therein depicted fascinated him, especially that of Achilles, who was his ancestor on his mother's side. Even as a child he admired this hero and sought to imitate him. In later life he did not depart from this rule, but sought to model his life as near after that of Achilles as possible. He was much interested in Greek literature and poetry.

From his mother he inherited a violent temper and headstrong will, which seems to have manifested themselves early in life.

When quite a youth we hear of him receiving Persian envoys and astonishing them by his wisdom and demeanor. At the age of sixteen he was left at home as regent while his father was absent subduing some of the Grecian states. He put down a revolt of a Thracian tribe called Maedi, took one of their towns and founded it anew under the name of Alexandria. This was the first of several towns given the same name by himself and his successors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For Our Little Folks.

GOING OUT WITH MOTHER.

"WHY, Edie! all dressed and ready! Where are you going?" asked Marion, entering the almost empty nursery.

"I'm going out with mother!"

"Are you? But why do you not go down stairs then; she is in the dining-room waiting."

Edith looked up at her tall cousin with quiet rest in her eyes.

"She told me to stand here till she called."

Marion paused and looked almost startled; she suddenly remembered an occasion when *she* had been told by her father not to go in a certain path, but to wait till she could judge better of its safety. Had she waited? Had she not that very morning joined hands with a popular schoolfellow of whose conduct she felt very doubtful, promising to be her dearest friend, in spite of her father's warning?

Marion stood still and looked at her little cousin wistfully.

"Aren't you afraid you'll be forgotten?" she asked, slowly.

"Mother *never* forgets me."

"Do you *always* do as she bids you?" asked Marion pursuing her own thoughts.

"Yes——" considering; "yes, I do—it's what I try to do always."

The sound of wheels interrupted the conversation.

"There is the carriage!" said Marion, looking down on to the street.

Still Edie did not move, but she listened intently.

"There's aunt getting into the carriage!" exclaimed her cousin, in dismay.

Edith's little face flushed under her broad hat, but that was all.

Marion looked out on the street with beating heart, and then back at the little waiting girl. Would this little child trust on, in spite of all evidences to the contrary?

"She is driving away!" burst from Marion's lips almost involuntarily.

But Edie raised her head with sudden courage.

"She *said* she would not forget that I was waiting—and she will not! I can trust her."

The flush died out of her face, and a quiet patience came back to it.

Marion sat down by her side and took her little hand almost reverently.

"Edie, dear, will you kiss me?" she asked.

The child stooped her head.

"What makes you cry, Marion?" she said, wistfully.

"Because——oh, Edie, I wish I could wait like you!"

"Don't you wait when your mother tells you?" she asked, innocently.

"It is father this time," said Marion.

"Well—don't you?"

"Not always—but—but I will——"

"Edie! Edie!" called a ringing voice up the stairs. "I am ready now! Come my child!"

"There!" said the little girl.

And then, only waiting to give her cousin another kiss, she flew downstairs to her dear mother.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No. 19, VOL. XXIV.

1. How were the boy-hood days of President Brigham Young spent? A. In assisting his father to clear off new land and doing general farm work.

2. Did he attend school during his early life? A. He never went to school but eleven days in his boyhood, but still he obtained during his life a valuable education and training, which were of infinite service to him in his position as leader of the people of God.

3. Who are the truly educated? A. Those who learn to exercise their mental and physical faculties in the affairs of life.

4. At what age did he become identified with religion? A. In his twenty-second year.

5. To what denomination did he attach himself? A. The Methodist.

6. What occupations did he follow in his youth? A. Those of carpenter, painter and glazier.

7. At what age was he married and to whom? A. At the age of twenty-three to Miss Miriam Works.

8. Where did he first meet with Brother Heber C. Kimball? A. At Mendon, Monroe County, New York, to which place he had removed in the spring of 1829.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 19: Emma E. Tolman, Heber C. Blood, Jenetta Blood, Henry H. Blood and James G. West.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. How long a time elapsed between the Prophet's prediction, that Brigham Young would preside over this Church, and its fulfillment? 2. How did Brigham Young spend his time after returning home from his first visit to the Prophet at Kirtland? 3. Who did he take with him when he visited Kirtland the next time? 4. When did Brother Brigham and his children gather to Kirtland? 5. What trait of Brigham Young's character was clearly illustrated upon his arrival in Kirtland? 6. Under what circumstances was this manifested? 7. How did his condition compare with that of those who had gone away to work among the Gentiles, when they returned? 8. Children: is it not always best to take the course which the servants of God point out?

MY GRANDPA.

Oh, how I love my grandpa,
He's such a nice old man;
My dear and darling grandpa
I love him all I can.

He tells me lovely stories
While sitting on his knee;
Oh! how I love my grandpa,
He is so dear to me.

He tells me that the Savior
To little children came.
He taught me good behavior
To keep me free from blame.

To love my earthly parents,
My teachers to obey,
Be kind to other children
To God my prayers to say.

To love my Heavenly Father,
With all my heart and mind;
As myself to love another,
To all God's children kind.

Oh! how I love my grandpa,
I love to see him smile;
My silver-haired, dear grandpa
He is so free from guile.

My grandpa loves good children,
He loves to hear them sing,
Recite their little lessons
He loves like everything.

He writes them pretty pieces
To sing and to recite;
To teach them all their duties
And teach them to do right.

He don't drink tea and coffee,
Tobacco he abhors;
And says it is his duty
To obey God's holy laws.

I love my darling grandpa,
And all must love him too;
Now, those who don't love grandpa,
I'm sure are very few.

I know my faithful grandpa
Is by God's Spirit led;
I pray that God will shower
Rich blessings on his head.

W.

BE TRUSTY.

TWO little boys were sent one day by a gentleman to fetch a basket from a railway station. It was given to them, and they started off to carry it back.

As they walked along Jimmy said to Harry,

"I wonder what is inside; how I should like to see! I think it is something alive, for I feel it moving about."

"Well," said Harry, "give me the basket and let me look;" so he took the basket from his brother and they both knelt down in the road to try to see what it contained.

Harry was in the act of lifting the lid, when Jimmy cried out,

"Oh, Harry! we had better not look; the thing is not ours, and I think we shall get into trouble if we touch it."

Harry's conscience had been telling him this all the time, and as he was trying to lift the lid his hands trembled much, for he knew he was doing wrong. So he popped the cover down, took up the basket, and off the brothers ran as fast as they could. They soon got to the gentleman's house, who took the basket from the boys and gave them some pennies for their trouble.

While they were waiting for their money he cut the string which fastened the basket, and opening the lid very carefully took out two beautiful pigeons. Oh, how glad then were the boys that they had not opened it! Had they done so the birds would have flown out and they would have been severely punished for their want of trust.

Little children, let this be a caution to you. When sent with a message, deliver it quickly and correctly. When you are intrusted with a parcel, remember it is not yours and you must not touch or examine it; if you do you may damage the thing which is given into your care, you will get yourself into great trouble, and you will never be trusted again. The Bible says that "a faithful messenger refresheth the soul of his master."

Try always to act behind your master's back as you would do before his face, and then I think you will prove to be a faithful little messenger.

"I GRABBED QUICK."

"JOHNNY," of whom this story is told, is a representative of many boys and girls, and of men and women. He "grabbed quick," because he did not wish to give time for his conscience to say, "don't." Some acts which are right to do, it is well to do quickly; others, it is better to pause before doing, in order to know whether we should be doing well in doing them.

Johnny one night climbed up into his mother's lap, and laying his head on her shoulder, said, in a low sorry tone,—

"I took that glass marble, mamma."

"Took it from whom?" asked his mother.

"Took it from the ground," said Johnny.

"Did it belong to the ground?" asked his mother "Did the ground go to the shop and buy it?"

Johnny tried to laugh at such a funny thought, but he could not.

"I saw it on the ground," said he.

"What little boy had it before?"

"Asa May's it is, I guess," whispered Johnny.

"When you put out your hand to take it, did you forget, Thou God seest me?" asked his mother. "Did you not hear a voice, saying, 'Don't Johnny! don't, Johnny?'"

"I didn't hear it," said the boy, sobbing. "I grabbed quick!"

Y.

A FARMER should sow his P's, keep his U's warm, hive his B's, kill off his J's, remember what he C's, pay all he O's, teach his wife not to T's, and withal contrive to take his E's.

TO PREPARE them for heaven, little boys and girls should ever live in peace here on earth.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

IT IS a well-accepted theory of modern education, as the term is commonly understood today, that religious or moral instruction should form no part of the school code. The idea of sectarianism in houses of learning appears to have a dreadful meaning to the average mind. Springing from the opinion that the public schools which are supported by the taxes of the entire community should not be the medium of teaching this or that dogma of religious belief in preference to the articles of any other creed, the policy has rapidly gone to the length of entire neglect in matters spiritual. And by an easy slip it has at last come so far that the moral precepts as accepted by all denominations and even by unbelievers themselves are ignored and in certain cases almost ridiculed by the best known institutions of the day. "If you want to make a good man of your son," say the authorities of the colleges, "the place to teach him the rudiments of honor and morality is at home. His belief, his inclination, his practices are none of our affair. We only require that he shall devote such time to his studies as shall enable him to keep up with his fellows in the class-room. Outside of these duties he is with us his own master, free to imbibe any influences and indulge in any practices he may choose. If his conduct at length shall become so scandalous as to threaten to disgrace the school, we may take notice of it and expel him. But we are not conducting a theological seminary or a reformatory—if of himself he yields to the examples of the vicious, we may not seek to correct him, but we will punish him."

The same fallacious arguments are met from the common schools, though they may not be so pointedly expressed. While in most places there may still be uttered a form of prayer on the opening of the day's exercises, there is seldom anything else during the whole proceedings to show whether the teachers are God-fearing, whether they are men and women of faith, whether they ever consider it part of their duty to instil into the minds of their scholars the principles of truth and true greatness. Lest they shall be considered religious, they omit every mention of the Author of all knowledge; and for fear they shall be found going outside the covers of the accepted school-books, they suffer the moral instincts to grow rank and wild or to become dwarfed and deformed through lack of proper cultivation.

We do not think we have overstated the case so far as concerns the great majority of the schools in the nation today. In the larger cities of our own Territory a like condition is beginning to exist. The chief aim of those who though among us are not of us seems to be that in these respects the public schools of Utah shall if possible go further than those in other parts of the land.

Is it not a strange and at the same time a pitiful thing—this ignoring the fountain of light while pretending to seek for light? This mechanical struggling after technical knowledge while neglecting what is more important, the divine promptings of faith, honesty and purity? Is it then so much more desirable to be an educated scoundrel than an unlearned but honorable man? Should the blasphemous infidel, though never so accomplished, be more esteemed than the simple, trusting son of God? We are reminded of the words of the Savior: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

As a people, the Latter-day Saints are lovers of knowledge. They are believers in education. Their leaders, many of them deprived of the benefits of school learning in their youth, have been foremost in establishing and supporting schools. The duty of

parents with regard to the education of their children is being constantly impressed both by the written and the spoken word. But there is another duty which must not be neglected in this same connection. The education of our youth must be the true education which recognizes in an honest man the noblest work of God. It must be the education which teaches that virtue is more to be prized than riches. It must be the education which esteems faith and pure mindedness as above the value of worldly honors. And if these are not the principles which are taught in the schools to which we have access the parents must see to it that there shall be no neglect in the thoroughness of this education at home.

"BY THIS CONQUER."

AMONG all the emperors of Rome who reigned after the advent of the Savior, none receives greater praise in ecclesiastical history than Constantine Augustus, known as the Great, who ruled over the western division of the empire from the year 306 to 337 A. D. Previous to his time paganism had prevailed in all the Roman dominions, and the Christians had suffered more or less persecution at the hands of the rulers. Constantius, however, the father of Constantine, had in a measure lifted the load of oppression from the persecuted followers of Christ, and the son still further relieved them of their grievous burdens. Galerius Maximianus, the emperor of the East, had heaped indignities and torture upon as many of the Christians as he could find, until he was seized by a loathsome and protracted disease which caused him to relent and restore peace to them.

Though favorable to the cause of the downtrodden Christians Constantine was not converted to their faith until about the year 313, when, it is said, he was led to a conviction of the truth and power of the gospel by the following remarkable incident as related by Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian:

"He [Constantine] conceived that he ought to worship only the God of his father. He therefore called upon this God, in prayer, entreating and beseeching Him to manifest to him who He was, and to extend His right arm on the present occasion. While he was thus praying with earnest entreaty a most singular divine manifestation appeared. * * About the middle hours of the day, as the sun began to verge towards its setting, he saw in the heavens with his own eyes, the sun surmounted with the trophy of the cross, which was composed of light, and had a legend annexed, saying, BY THIS CONQUER. Amazement seized him and the whole army, at the sight, and the beholders wondered as they accompanied him in the march. He said he was at a loss what to make of this spectre, and as he pondered and reflected upon it long, night came upon him by surprise. After this as he slept the Christ of God appeared to him, together with the sign before seen in the heavens, and bade him make a representation of the sign that appeared in the heavens, and to use that as a protection against the onsets of his enemies. As soon as it was day he arose, related the wonder to his friends, and then assembled the workers in gold and precious stones. He seated himself in the midst of them and describing the appearance of the sign, he bade them imitate it in gold and precious stones."

Many historians place no reliance on this statement, but believe that the Emperor's conversion was the result of a gradual increase of knowledge concerning religious matters and a more intimate acquaintance with the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarine. Even those writers who agree that Constantine did behold this wonder do not harmonize as to the time and place, some saying it occurred in Gaul while he was making preparations to invade Italy, and others that the appearance was on the 26th of October, 312, the day before the battle near Rome with Maxentius in which the latter was defeated and in his attempt to escape over the Tiber into the city was crowded from the bridge and drowned.

As a symbol of his conversion the Emperor caused his soldiers to have the cross glittering on their helmets, engraved on their shields and traced on their banners while the emblems worn by himself were only distinguished by

their richer materials and finer workmanship.

The principal standard, however, which proclaimed the triumph of the cross was known as the *Labarum*. It is described as "a long pike intersected by a transversal beam. The silken veil which hung down from the beam was curiously inwrought with the images of the reigning monarch and his children. The summit of the pike supported a crown of gold which enclosed the mysterious monogram, at once expressive of the figure of the cross, and the initial letters of the name of Christ." To fifty veterans of approved courage and fidelity the care of this sacred banner was entrusted. They received special honors and emoluments, and their remarkable escape in many encounters soon caused the belief to prevail that as long as they were in the line of their duty their persons were secure from harm by the darts of their opposers. The sight of this object had a wonderful effect upon the soldiers who though almost overcome by their enemies or exhausted by hardship would be immediately filled with renewed vigor on the arrival of this emblem in their midst. Upon their enemies, too, the effect was marked, as much of their courage fled when they saw this banner waving among their foes.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Whatever may have been the virtues of Constantine, he was guilty of crimes in his day which, though palliated, were of a most atrocious character. The fact that he but followed the customs of his time and the people is not a sufficient excuse for the wrongs of one who professed to understand and follow the teachings of the Redeemer. Among other things was the sentence of death passed upon his father-in-law because the latter was overcome by the desire to rule again among his fellows, as he had done in his younger days, and had plotted for regaining the crown during the Emperor's absence in the region of the Rhine. Constantine's speedy return, however, defeated the old Maximian's

schemes, and it was soon announced that the plotter had strangled himself with his own hands. The age and waning powers of this man should have preserved him for a better end.

Constantine's own son, Crispus, was also the victim of his father's jealousy, and after being sent away to a distant part of his dominions was put to death by the hand of the executioner or by the operation of poison. All this, too, because Crispus had exhibited great skill and valor in war so as to attract the admiration and praise of the people. This aroused the father who was impatient of an equal, and he soon found means of disposing of his imaginary rival, though it was in the person of his own son.

Other bloody deeds are attributed to this ruler which cast a somber hue across his life, and though it is stated that he sought in religion absolution for his crimes, we cannot help but feel that a large account still stands against him unsettled. *H. A. C*

COURTSHIP IN SAXONY.

IN SAXONY the girls have no such liberty as those in America, for they are watched and kept under rule.

Until engaged, they are not permitted to walk alone with a gentleman, nor to take his arm, nor to go with him to any place of amusement, nor to receive a call from him, unless in the presence of some female relative. But the engagement or betrothal is a serious, solemn, public, almost irrevocable affair.

The betrothal, when approved by the parents of both parties, is formally announced by the bride's parents, in printed circular and newspaper advertisement, to relations, connections and friends of both parties. Now the beau can sit and walk out unattended with his inamorata. But still if he takes her to theater, opera or concert, he must take her mother or some other relative along.

If the swain is an officer, he must get leave from the war office to marry, and he must deposit, as an indispensible prerequisite, a sum sufficient to maintain his widow in case of his decease; so that officers are not marrying men as much as they are with us! The engagements are very long ones—two or three years is an average—but they are very rarely broken off; and if this should occur, it is spoken of by relatives and friends with bated breath and looks of horror.

During this period the bride, if living in the country districts, is diligently employed in spinning, weaving, making up the stock of linen required for her own use and for that of her husband for many coming years. In city and country she learns and practices cooking and housekeeping under her mother's experienced and careful eye. *C.*

RUSKIN'S BIBLE EDUCATION.

IT IS a well attested fact that those who deny that the Bible is the word of God, or who are indifferent to its teachings, are ordinarily persons who do not read it, and have only a superficial knowledge of its doctrines and counsels. Those who know the Book by a study of its pages are its friends, and the more intimate and thorough their acquaintance, the more intense is their regard for it. "No man," says a French proverb, "is great to his valet." But the Bible seems the greatest of books when we know it thoroughly.

John Ruskin in one of his essays, expresses his gratitude to his mother that she compelled him to read the Bible thoroughly for himself. As soon as he was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible study with him, which never ceased until he went to Oxford University.

They read aloud alternate verses. The mother watched every intonation of her son's voice, and corrected the false ones. In this way she made him understand the verse, if within the reach of his mind.

"It might be," he says, "beyond me

altogether; that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end. In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse—hard names, numbers, Levitical law and all, and began again at Genesis next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better the lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better the lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken."

From two to three chapters a day, according to their length, were daily read, and he had to repeat from memory a few verses at each reading. The first cultivation of his ear in sound, he says, was received from his committing to memory the whole of the fine old Scotch paraphrase of the Psalms.

What was the effect of this training in Bible reading and study? It made Ruskin grasp the Scriptures as a whole, and it taught him "to reverence them as transcending all thought, and adorning all conduct."

"It is strange," he adds "that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God."

Selected.

THE BOOK-BINDER'S APPRENTICE.

IN a contemplated enterprise of great difficulty Napoleon Bonaparte was once reminded that circumstances were against him. "Circumstances!" he exclaimed; "*I make* circumstances!"

That daring man often defied the rights of others, and even Providence itself, as well as natural difficulties; but his reply showed the kind of self-dependence and resolution which, to a certain extent, is necessary to make one "master of the situation."

Success in life is sure, if one has the energy and tact to control unfavorable circumstances and make them contribute to progress. Failure is probable, if one loses courage and hope and thinks it impossible to overcome adverse circumstances. Michael Faraday died, a few years ago, with the reputation of being the most distinguished chemist in England, and one of the most popular lecturers. His success was due wholly to his own energy. Of humble birth, he had not even a good common school education.

Being apprenticed to a book-binder, he managed to read many of the books sent to the shop to be bound. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry" and an article on "Electricity" inspired a love of science, which he cultivated by experiments on a small scale. A phial at first served him for an electrical machine, but soon after he obtained a real cylinder, which worked well. He made a battery with small pieces of zinc and copper, with which he performed many successful experiments. Improving every opportunity within reach and mastering adverse circumstances, he steadily rose in public esteem and success to a foremost rank among the scientific leaders of Europe. *O. F.*

HOMELY TALKS FOR GIRLS.

The Teeth.

IT IS marvelous how we abuse our teeth, knowing how much our good looks and comfort depend upon keeping them in sound condition. That motive alone should be sufficient to make us careful of them, to say nothing of the expense of dentistry, the hours of excruciating agony in a dentist's chair, the horrors of toothache and the misery of being obliged to depend upon false teeth.

We use our teeth as recklessly as if a new set came each spring. They serve as nut-

crackers, corkscrews, hammers, and we do our best to dissolve the enamel by acids, such as lemon drops and other corrosives.

We go from a heated room into very cold air and keep on talking, or follow a saucer of ice cream with a cup of steaming coffee, or wash down hot soda biscuit with ice water, and then wonder that the teeth show signs of rebellion.

Clean teeth are a necessity for anyone who pretends to be a lady. With a little extra care, all persons can keep their mouths in good condition.

It is well to rinse the mouth at night, as well as after meals, but a thorough brushing is necessary only once a day. A soft brush is considered the best by some dentists, while others advise using a very stiff one, without water, brushing up and down as well as laterally.

Draw a bit of linen, or a waxed thread, or silk floss, through the teeth at least once a week, to prevent food remaining in places not reached by the brush. Such remains are sure to cause decay and a bad breath. If the teeth show a tendency to a black deposit at the top, use now and then a very little powdered pumice stone. Use it with care, and only when it is necessary. Dentists use creosote and alcohol to remove this blackness.

Tartar is apt to collect on the inside of the under front teeth. You can remove this with ease and safety by a button hook or crochet needle. If allowed to remain it loosens the teeth. Many lose apparently sound teeth from this cause. Sometimes it absolutely pushes them out of place, and thus alters the shape of the mouth.

It is a good plan to see a dentist occasionally, thus saving much suffering and much money. The tiniest speck soon becomes a sizable "cavity" before you think it possible.

Don't have your teeth pulled if they can be saved. Many have teeth extracted when half-crazed by the tortures of neuralgia, only to mourn over the loss. A tooth is too precious to be given up. Keep the tooth in your mouth, if it is but a shell filled with gold, or even if it is but half a shell. You can say with Touchstone, "A poor thing, sir, but my own!"

Use a simple powder, and if the teeth are sensitive and the gums sore, a few drops of the tincture of myrrh in a glass of water is most excellent.

I believe almost everyone may have good teeth, and may keep them, too, if they will but give them proper care all the time—not attending to them by "jerks," as too many do. It is certain that if neglected they will be a continual source of pain and discomfort, from the teething troubles of the wretched baby to the sad hour when the few last stumps are extracted and a plate put behind the empty gums.

False teeth almost always change the expression of the mouth and destroy its beauty; besides, it is not a cheerful idea, that of taking out one's teeth and putting them to soak for the night. Even with the greatest care we may all come to this, but it should be fought against as long as possible.

Everyone should feel that it is a personal and a public duty to strive for a sweet breath. It can be gained by care, unless a person has some disease. The throat should be carefully washed, or gargled, every morning. A skillful and popular physician declares that this sensible and simple prescription, if faithfully followed, would cure half the sore throats in the world. Salt, glycerine, alum, mixed with water, are each of them excellent gargles.

If the stomach has a tendency to "getting out of order," generally caused by hasty or excessive eating, take a preparation of charcoal and liquid magnesia. If living where you cannot get these easily, take a half teaspoonful of soda in water, or eat a bit of charcoal from your wood fire, which is always a sovereign antiseptic.

With clean teeth and throat, and with a stomach in a healthy condition, your breath will be as sweet as new-mown hay, and your teeth will be a comfort and an ornament.

E. Y.

GEMS OF TRUTH.

GOD has one mode of saving men and women, and you cannot be saved on any other principle than that which Jesus Christ taught.

H. C. KIMBALL.

Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1, p. 35.

For heaven's sake, for your own sake, and for the sake of Him who died for us, never let us falter in our duty. While we live, it is our duty to love the Lord with all our might, and with all our strength, and with all our souls. This is our duty first and foremost: we ought to love Him better than our wives, children, and brethren and sisters, and all things besides. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 32.

I have scratched the word "can't" out of my vocabulary long since.

JOHN TAYLOR.

Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 21.

Teach your families how to control themselves; teach them good and wholesome doctrine, and practice the same in your own lives. This is the place for you to become polished shafts in the quiver of the Almighty.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 47.

Without a guide, without a knowledge of the country, without reading even the notes of any traveler upon this earth, or seeing the face of a being who ever set foot upon this land, we were led by the hand of God, through His servant Brigham, threading the difficult passes of these mountains, until we set our foot upon this place, which was, at that time, a desert, containing nothing but a few bunches of dead grass, and crickets enough to fence the land. We were more than one thousand miles from where provisions could be obtained, and found not game enough to support an Indian population. We sat down here, and we called upon God to bless our undertakings.

GEORGE A. SMITH.

Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 44.

When the Elders of Israel leave this place, and go forth among the wicked, it is not their privilege to mingle with them in any of their worldly exercises; for if they do the devil will obtain an advantage over them, and succeed in drawing them away from the path of their duty. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 47.

When a man is capable of correcting you, and of giving you light and true doctrine, do not get up an altercation, but submit to be taught like little children, and strive with all your might to understand.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 47.

Who can imagine a greater hell than that before our eyes, in the circumstances of the poor, miserable, degraded Indian and his ancestors, since the keys of the gospel were taken from them some fifteen hundred years ago? Those who had the gospel in former dispensations, and were made partakers of its spirit, its knowledge and its powers, and then turned away, and became the enemies of God, and of His Saints, the malicious and willful opposers of that which they knew to be true, have no forgiveness in this world, neither in the spirit world, which is the world next to come.

Such apostates seek in all dispensations to bring destruction on the innocent, and to shed innocent blood, or consent thereto. For such, I again repeat, I know no forgiveness. Their children, who, by the conduct of such fathers, have been plunged into ignorance and misery for so many ages, and have lived without the privilege of the gospel, will look down upon such a parentage with mingled feelings of horror, contempt, reproach and pity, as the agents who plunged their posterity into the depths of misery and woe.

P. P. PRATT.

Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1, p. 11.

No man ever heard me say I had made a sacrifice. I possess nothing but what my heavenly Father has been pleased to give me,

or, in other words, He has loaned it to me while I remain here in this mortal flesh.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.
Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 49.

It is not hard to do the will of God, and if some of you would go out into the world for two or three years, you would not find it hard to pay tithing when you came back again.

JOHN TAYLOR.
Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 28.

The greatest mystery man ever learned, is to know how to control the human mind, and bring every faculty and power of the same in subjection to Jesus Christ; this is the greatest mystery we have to learn while in these tabernacles of clay. It is more necessary for the Elders to learn and practice upon this lesson in the midst of the Saints at head-quarters than in the world; for their facilities for learning are much greater.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.
Jour. of Dis., Vol, 1. p. 46.

There is no "Mormonism" in the United States, but all men are considered equal, and free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and enjoy equal rights and privileges.

GEORGE A. SMITH.
Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 45.

The children of men are made as independent in their sphere as the Lord is in His, to prove themselves, pursue which path they please, and choose the evil or the good. For those who love the Lord, and do His will, all is right, and they shall be crowned, but those who hate His ways shall be damned, for they choose to be damned.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.
Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 49.

The outward tabernacle, inhabited by a spirit, returns to the element from which it emanated. But the thinking being, the individual, active agent or identity that inhabited that tabernacle, never ceased to exist, to think, act, live, move, or have a being; never ceased to exercise those sympathies, affections, hopes and aspirations, which are founded in the very nature of intelligences, being the inherent and invaluable principles of their eternal existence. P. P. PRATT.
Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 7.

When your face is turned from the body, let mysteries alone, for this is the only place for you to be corrected of wrong. Preach the simple, unadorned truth; work out your salvation with diligence, and do that which will guarantee you a warranted deed, an undeniable title to eternal lives.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.
Jour. of Dis., Vol. 1. p. 47.

Ben. E. Rich.

A RAILROAD EINGINEER'S STORY.

ON OUR route from Cincinnati to Chicago, we were obliged to stop at Richmond, Ind., on account of a wrecked cattle train. While others of our party went out to walk around the lovely little city, I remained in the ladies' waiting-room at the depot, endeavoring to entertain myself with the newspapers I had bought on the train.

I had scarcely commenced reading, when, chancing to look from my paper, I was glad to see the pleasant face of my old friend George Dougan, at the ticket-office window, and soon he was at my side.

I like to talk with railroad men, and as I shook hands with him, said, "I trust you are not too busy just now to keep me company until my friends return, and our train is ready to resume the trip."

Quickly replying by taking a seat near me, I continued, "I must congratulate you on your promotion."

"Thanks," he replied. "The post of a train-dispatcher and assistant-superintendent is a step up on the ladder, and there is less danger in it; yet I like the life of an engineer." Our conversation turning upon the responsibility resting on railroad men, engineers in particular, George went on in

the quick, nervous way that always made his conversation interesting,—

"I hold that there is no class of men who need to be Christians so much as the railroad engineers, they have the lives of so many people constantly in their hands.

"And there is no class of men so susceptible to the noiseless, minute voice that makes one apprehensive amid unseen circumstances of danger. Some people call it the mysterious sympathy which exists between man and nature. Although you may differ with me, I call it the indications of a special Providence that watches over us all, whether we heed them or not.

"The nerves of an engineer are so constantly wrought up to such a tense pitch of excitement as to make him peculiarly sensitive to the slightest premonition of danger. My theory is that every man who drives a locomotive should have this highly-strung, finely-wrought organism. If this should be the case, and every one would give ear to this warning voice, there would be fewer accidents in instances where the blame is traced to the engineer.

"Almost any railroad man will tell you of instances that have passed under his own observation, when some poor fellow, just before the fatal blow that launched him into eternity, said, 'I'm blue. I feel as if something was going to happen,' or something of the kind.

"I speak from an experience of ten years. I have driven all kinds of trains on all sorts of roads. I have whistled for brakes, reversed my engine, and stopped my express passenger train, with ten heavily-loaded coaches, within twelve inches of a broken rail, which would have sent us all into eternity by way of a deep rocky gorge below us, had I not halted through a sudden impulse.

"One dismal, foggy night I stopped suddenly, jumped down from the cab, and, with my lantern, went on spying the track ahead, well assured I should find something amiss; and, lying across the rails, only a few rods from the cow-catcher, was a switchman, who had been knocked down and badly injured by a train just ahead of us.

"At another time, on going ahead to look for danger, I found an immense rock that had rolled down from a ledge above us.

"I have no other explanation to give for these singular presentiments; they come across me all at once, and as it were, compel me to obey them. I never had one play me false, and have never met with a serious accident.

"The strangest adventure I ever had was on the C. B. and Q. road. It was the 'opening of the year.' The frost was coming out of the road-bed, making the track 'jumping' rough. The trains were all behind time. Everybody was cross, and to add to my discomfort, my regular fireman was 'off,' down with the ague. I found the master mechanic had sent me, in his place, an evil-looking fellow by the name of Weisbrunt.

"I fancied at first I knew the man, and after keeping my eye on him for a while, I was sure I had had an experience with him while running a construction train on the Illinois Central, several years before. He was a quarrelsome rogue, who kept a fuss continually brewing among the men, and I had used my influence to get him discharged. He had sworn vengeance then, and I was reasonably certain that he meant mischief now.

"There had been for some time a systematic robbery of freight going on all along the line of the road, and I, in common with most of the engineers, was playing the detective, in addition to my usual duties. After passing a few sections, some rather unusual actions on the part of my fireman caused me to suspect him of belonging to the gang of plunderers, and consequently to be on the alert as to his movements.

"On the particular night of which I speak, we had no end of bad luck. The train was an express-freight, and the engine, the Juno, which usually worked to a charm, seemed to be completely 'witched' up all day. She would not make steam, the fire was loose and would not burn, the pumps hindered, and

at length, in my heart, I believed it all the doings of my rascally fireman.

"We were nearly two hours behind time, and the night had set in dark and rainy, when we stopped at E. As I leaned out from my cab-window, peering into the darkness for the telegraph operator to give me the orders about the next up train, something came over me, telling me there was trouble ahead. It was one of my warnings. I cannot analyze it to make it comprehensible to you, but I heard it as if it had been uttered in so many words, and I was on the watch to catch the faintest indication of danger, or to grasp at any fortuitous occurrence which would lead to my preservation.

"Having received my orders to remain where I then was until the next passenger train should pass me, I went about looking over and oiling my engine. As we ran altogether by telegraph orders on the road, no one train leaving a station unless the conductor or engineer had received a despatch from headquarters, ordering him to proceed, this detention of my train in itself would not cause me to be apprehensive of any danger at all, for I knew the track would be clear when we should be ordered to start.

"All at once I missed Weisbrunt from his post, and a few minutes afterwards heard him groaning piteously in the rear of the train, and running back, found him on the ground, rolling and screaming, and behaving generally like a person in the most excruciating agony.

"He said, in explanation, that he went back to the caboose for his lunch, with one of the brakemen, and slipping on the wet, half-icy step, had fallen and broken his ankle. We attempted to put him in the caboose, to carry him where he could have surgical aid, but he made such an outcry, we were compelled to leave him with the station-agent.

"I was in a dilemma, indeed. We were short of help before this happened. I could not fire the engine myself, and for a time knew hardly what to do. Then I thought of Jimmy McCarthy, an Irish lad, a bright, pleasant little fellow, whom I often allowed to get into the cab when I switched at this station, and who, like hundreds of boys, imagined working on a railroad to be perfect felicity; and I, for the sake of hearing him talk, had half-promised, as soon as he should be old enough, to get him a job.

"Now I thought I could manage, with his help, until I could get some one stronger, at some other point on the trip, and so made all possible haste to the shanty where he and his mother lived, to get her leave for him to go with me. A sad spectacle greeted me as I entered. The poor old woman had sickened a few days previous, and now it was thought by the wailing friends around her bedside that she was dying. I quickly saw that such was indeed the case. Jimmy was crouched at the foot of the bed, but at sight of me sprang forward, with a glad cry. I hurriedly stated my errand, and attempted to beat a retreat.

"But Mrs. McCarthy had heard my name, and a faint voice showered blessings on me for 'coming to take care of poor little Jimmy and learning him to be an engineer.' Her anxiety for this boy seemed to be her only regret in leaving the world, which had been one of trouble to her. She insisted that he should go with me at once.

"Under different circumstances I should have hesitated about taking him from his mother's death-bed; but now it appeared to be the kindest thing I could do.

"Reaching out her arms for a final embrace, the poor dying woman kissed Jimmy a good-by, and we hurriedly made our way out from the shanty back to the engine.

"I found that in my absence the hands had looked over the train, and had discovered a broken axle. It belonged to the truck of a car which was loaded with valuable liquors, and we had no alternative but to leave it.

"I scented mischief, and whispered my suspicions to the conductor; but he only laughed at my fears, said the car was a new one, locked and sealed, and that even so big a rogue as Weisbrunt could not do much harm, with a broken ankle.

"So, at exactly 10 p. m., we started for the

Junction, ran our engine upon the turn-table, turned around, took wood and water, ate a good meal, hitched to another express freight and started on our way back.

"Everything went finely; the engine never worked better, and at precisely 3 p. m., we stopped, as was our custom, on our return, at Kasson, a little station ten miles from Eyota, for wood.

"It was raining. I had looked over one side of my machine, and going round the front end, I saw an old Irish woman leaning wearily against the woodpile. I wondered at her presence there at that time of night, and as she stood directly within the radius of the bull's eye, I noticed her brown petticoats and clumsy shoes, the plaid shawl crossed over her bosom, her white cap-front, and the handkerchief arranged so as to hide all of her face but the dull heavy blue eyes, which followed my every movement.

"Something about her appearance struck me unpleasantly, and gave me a chilly, uneasy sensation, for which I blamed myself, and called myself nervous. And getting down the opposite side of my machine, out of range of the leaden eyes, I finished my oiling, and made all ready for starting.

"A sudden impulse, however, drew me around the engine again to the spot where the old woman still stood, not seeming to mind the rain at all, and regarding the engine with a stony, fixed stare.

"I am never in the habit of talking with bystanders, of whatever condition. I have always something else to do. But now, to my own surprise, I said, 'There's a wake down at Eyota; don't you want to ride there on my engine with me?'

"She made no motion whatever, still standing in stupid silence. By an impulsive movement, I caught her—I am a strong man, and she was thin and slight—and placed her on my seat in the engine cab.

"I pulled the throttle, and we were off before she had time to recover from her surprise. Presently she began to scream and swear, begging me to let her off. But I held her on the seat as gently as I could. She soon became quiet, and I noticed she kept a sharp look-out from my window. This action on her part, I must confess, greatly increased my nervousness, and the cold chills went creeping down my spine.

"It was a straight bit of road, with as good a roadbed and track as at any point on the line; and as was my custom here, I was running very fast. The time that passed was comparatively but few minutes, but it seemed hours to me, when she sprang forward, seized my arm, and called out, '*Shtop! for yez life!*'

"I reversed the engine, we came to a stop, and with the hands I ran forward on the track, to find the rails torn up and chained across the way in such a manner as would have thrown us down a deep embankment.

"After spending some time replacing the rails we went on to the station Eyota, and soon found out the whole villainous plot.

"Weisbrunt was the leader of the band of robbers, and they made Eyota their headquarters, as it was easy of access to the river and they could carry away their plunder by means of boats and rafts. He had tampered with the engine, for he was determined not to pass Eyota before dark, as he had resolved to have his share of the cargo of liquors.

"He had feigned the broken limb for the sake of being left; and while we were busy trying to make him comfortable, one of his accomplices had disabled the car. The wreckers did not break it open, as it was no part of their plan to have the robbery traced to this station; but they had bored holes through the bottom of the car, and by means of pipes had possessed themselves of some of the contents of the barrels.

"Mad with drink they laid the traps for my train, with the double purpose of revenge on me and robbing the wreck. But having unwittingly imbibed too much of the ill-gotten liquor, we found them dead drunk, concealed in a hut in the brush near the place where they had torn up the rails; and taking these four into custody was the means of effectually routing the whole gang.

"It transpired that this old woman was an accomplice also, having gone up to Kasson to send some of the gang there down to assist in the robbery. She told me that had it not been for the fact that Jimmy was with me she would have let us all go to destruction, for she was an old woman herself and could not live long in any event; but she dared not meet Jimmy's mother in another world having been the means of her darling son's death.

"On learning of Mrs. McCarthy's death, which occurred on that memorable night, I constituted myself Jimmy's guardian, sent him to school two years, and then took him as my fireman. He served a faithful apprenticeship and now he is running an engine himself."

Here my friends returned. The train was announced as ready. I thanked George for making the time pass so quickly and pleasantly, and we were off for Chicago.

A. A. P.

SCHOOL WORK AND FOOD.

A PERSON can do a great deal of work if he will only sleep and eat enough to supply the waste of body and brain. Mental work is more exhaustive than the hardest physical labor.

A very eminent physician says that "more teachers and scholars break down from lack of sufficient nourishment than from any other cause!"

Those who do much head work need a good, generous diet; plenty of food, and that of the most nourishing kind.

The more active the brain, the greater the exhaustion following. Recuperation must come through sleep and food.

A remarkably healthy, efficient lady of Cambridge says, "I have seven children in school and they are going ahead rapidly."

"Are you not afraid for their health?" we asked.

"Oh, no. I think it very essential that they should have good, nourishing diet, and see to it that they do. They have no trouble with their work, and are perfectly healthy.

"When I first met their father he was an invalid and never expected to do anything in his profession, was thought to be 'just gone in consumption;' but it was only dyspepsia, and I cured him by attention to his diet. He has been perfectly well and a great worker ever since we were married."

Horace Mann had a will that seemed to overcome all obstacles; at twenty he had only been to a common district school, but in six months he fitted himself for and entered the Sophomore class.

Having obtained a scholarship of three hundred dollars a year, he devoted every energy to his studies; but he neglected his body and lived on baker's bread and molasses; or rather, tried to live on them, for he soon began to fail and almost died.

Some ladies hearing of his case, invited him to their house, where, with proper nourishment and care, he soon recovered, and graduated with the highest honors.

Mrs. Mann always attended very carefully to her husband's diet, which was by no means the least part of her usefulness and assistance to him.

C. Y.

THE TRUE RICHES.

There are riches in abundance for the noble and the true,
If profusion and redundance in the world for me and you:
There are riches that are waiting for all who will apply,
There are riches which our Father to the pure will not deny.

There are riches from the fountain of light, and truth and love,
In the valleys, on the mountains; all around, and from above:
The true unfading riches which the gospel offers free,
Eternity's true riches offered now to you and me.

The great unnumbered riches not fading with the use,
The pure celestial riches not leading to abuse,
Are waiting for the faithful in a land of pure delight,
In measures that are brimful for those who will do right.

W.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

Words by Frederick Gardner. Arr. by E. Beesley.

How sweet when the morning of Sab-bath doth come With joy to a-

rise and de-part from my home, And haste to the school where in-struc-tion is

CHORUS.

given To teach me the way to the king-dom of heaven. Hail, hail, hail,

hail, Sabbath School, hail, hail. Dear teachers your la-bors shall not be in vain.

Now taught from the scriptures of wisdom and truth
I cry unto God be the guide of my youth.
Encouraged to seek Him, assured I shall find,
For such is the promise so gracious and kind.

When the gospel is heard with its life-giving sound
In the solemn assembly oh, let me be found,
For Jesus is there on the throne of His grace,
And brighter than gold are the smiles of His face.

Difference in Men.—The difference of men is very great: you would scarce think them to be of the same species; and yet it consists more in the affections than the intellect. For, as in the strength of the body two men shall be of an equal strength, yet one shall appear stronger than the other, because he exercises and puts out his strength, while the other will not stir nor strain himself:—so it is in the strength of the brain; the one endeavors, and strains, and labors, and studies; the other sits still and is idle, and takes no pains, and therefore he appears so much the inferior.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

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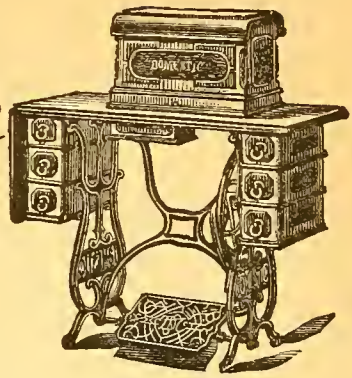

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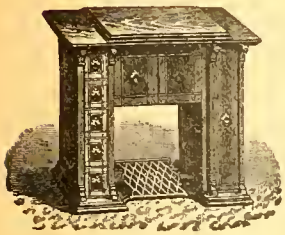

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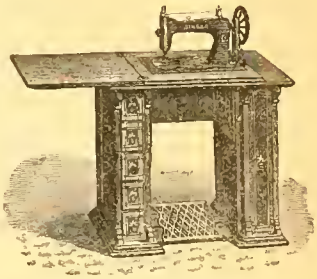

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